

CATHOLIC WORKER



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EASY ESSAYS

By
Peter Maurin

For God's Sake

I. Honest to God

1. One of the slogans of the Middle Ages was "Honest to God."
2. We have ceased to be "Honest to God."
3. We think more about ourselves than we do about God.
4. We have ceased to be God-centered and have become self-centered.

II. Fr. Denifle

1. Fr. Denifle was an Austrian dominican.
2. In 1872, he delivered four sermons in Gatz, Austria, about "Humanity, its destiny and the means to achieve it."
3. Translated by a priest of Covington, Kentucky, these four sermons were published in America by Pustet, the editor.
4. Fr. Denifle emphasizes that having forgotten God, humanity cannot realize its own destiny.
5. God has not forgotten man, but man has forgotten God.

III. American Founders

1. The founders of America came to America to serve God the way they thought God wants to be served.
2. How God wants to be served is no longer taught in American schools.

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Children Slave On Tobacco Rd. In New England

National Child Labor Committee Tells of Long Hrs., Degrading Conditions

THE AMERICAN CHILD, published monthly by the National Child Labor Committee, featured in the October, 1941 issue, a story called "Tobacco Road in Connecticut." The story, dealing with child labor abuses, is as follows:

"Last summer it was announced that school children would be recruited to work on Connecticut farms—but that only children 14 years and over would be registered and every effort would be made to supervise working conditions.

"However, in August an investigation by Miss Edna M. Purtell of the Connecticut Department of Labor was made public and a blaze of indignation swept over Connecticut and nearby states. State Commissioner of Labor Danaher called conditions 'intolerable and disgraceful' in a letter to the Agricultural Committee of the State Defense Council asking their cooperation. He stated that the employment of children as young as eight years of age on tobacco farms was not unusual this year, and a still greater number nine and 10 years old were at work. An estimate placed the total number of child workers at approximately 3,000.

"'Look at these faces,' the Commissioner said, showing photographs to newspapermen. 'Look at the immature, undeveloped bodies. I am willing to leave it to any parent to say

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We Pray

O my Lord Jesus, I believe, and by Thy grace will ever believe and hold, and I know that it is true, and will be true to the end of the world, that nothing great is done without suffering, without humiliation, and that all things are possible by means of it. I believe, O my God, that poverty is better than riches, pain better than pleasure, obscurity and contempt better than name, and ignominy and reproach better than honor. My Lord, I do not ask Thee to bring these trials on me, for I know not if I could face them; but at least, O Lord, whether I be in prosperity or adversity I will believe that it is as I have said. I will never have faith in riches, rank, power or reputation. I will never set my heart on worldly success or on worldly advantages. I will never wish for what men call the prizes of life. I will ever, with thy grace, make much of those who are despised or neglected, honor the poor, revere the suffering, and admire and venerate thy saints and confessors, and take my part with them in spite of the world.

And lastly, O my dear Lord, though I am so very weak that I am not fit to ask thee for suffering as a gift and have not strength to do so, at least I will beg of thee grace to meet suffering well, when thou in thy love and wisdom dost bring it upon me. Let me bear pain, reproach, disappointment, slander, anxiety, suspense, as thou wouldst have me, O my Jesus, and as thou by thy own suffering hast taught me, when it comes. And I promise too, with thy grace, that I will never set myself up, never seek pre-eminence, never court any great thing in the world, never prefer myself to others. I wish to bear insult meekly, and to return good for evil. I wish to humble myself in all things and to be silent when I am ill used, and to be patient when sorrow or pain is prolonged, and all for the love of thee and thy cross, knowing that in this way, I shall gain the promise both of this life and of the next.

Cardinal Newman.

Organizers Beaten On Election Eve For Union Work

Police Could Have But Did Not Prevent Brutality—Story Typical

Christ the Worker suffers in the person of the workers. Two C.I.O. organizers, Oscar Wiles and Homer Wilson, returning home September 25 from a meeting of the workers from the Meade Paper Company in Harriman, Tennessee, on the eve of an NLRB election observed that a Harriman city police car was preceding them. When they got out in the country they saw two cars with their lights out parked along the side of the road, one of which gave chase. It pulled alongside and fired three bullets into the organizers' car, demanding that they stop. Despite the fact that the police ahead must have heard the shots, they continued on their way.

At pistol point the two organizers were forced into the other car, taken for a ten-mile ride to back country, blindfolded and tied to a tree. The five kidnapers then took turns beating the organizers. Wiles suffered three beatings. Wilson was knocked almost unconscious with a black-jack blow to the mouth. After the men were beaten almost to the relief of passing out, they were smeared with tar, covered with kerosene (the kidnapers discussed setting them afire) and then left bleeding after one had cut Wilson loose. "We don't want no damn C.I.O. over here" one of them said.

Wilson released Wiles and the two made their way painfully, practically nude to the nearest farmhouse five miles off. At a Knoxville hospital it was found that Wilson's lip required four stitches to close and four front teeth were missing. Wiles has

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DAY AFTER DAY

Dear Francis:

This is a letter to make you think of us and of all our doings and to pray for us while you lie there on the bed by the window all day long. I'm hoping your mother is home from the hospital and that your drafted brother gets time off to see you often. I think of you as Ade and I saw you a few weeks ago, down near the shore in Winthrop, just out of Boston. Since you have to be in bed, I'm glad anyway that you get the sound of the sea in your ears and the smell of salt water.

There is lots of news this month. The days pass swiftly and so many things happen it is hard to remember them all. I have to look into my small date book which I carry around in my pocketbook to recall events.

Moving

The greatest news of the month for the women in St. Joseph's House, at 115 Mott street, was that we moved to a woman's house, which we call Mary's House, at 104 Bayard street, which is the north side of Columbus Park, just two blocks away from the CATHOLIC WORKER office. Mary's House is another rear house just like St. Joseph's House. There are quite a few differences, however. For one thing it faces south, instead of east. For another, we have not the whole house, but just twelve rooms of it. Most important of all, we have to pay forty-eight dollars a month rent.

But we were becoming so

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IN THE VINEYARD

2. Lifelessness Is Lovelessness

By JOHN J. HUGO

The masses have been lost to the Church. These shocking words, spoken by no less a person than Pope Pius XI, are by themselves sufficient to dispel any illusions that we cherish concerning the efficacy of our apostolic efforts. They can do nothing less than stagger and confound the mind of anyone who is convinced that Christianity is the answer to the world's problems. Still, so blind are we, that their disconcerting truth, which is scarcely less than an indictment of all Christians, fails to penetrate our souls. We are prevented from making a just appraisal of what little has been accomplished, and what yet remains to be done, by the fact that we

have set aside spiritual norms, which are alone of value in estimating spiritual efforts, and, being creatures of our own time, form our judgments according to the worthless external standards of an age given over to frantic activity and noisy advertising. God's work is interior, spiritual, supernatural, and "the sensual man does not perceive the things that are of the Spirit of God, for it is foolishness to him and he cannot understand, because it is examined spiritually." (I Cor. 2, 14.)

Sumptuous Dinners

Catholic organizations go tirelessly from city to city, from state to state, for meetings and conventions and councils. They conduct learned discussions, usually over sumptuous dinners.

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The Shame of the Neighbors

By ERIC GILL

Once upon a time, a few years ago, there lived in South London, in Bermondsey, two women. They had lived at loggerheads for a long time.

We may suppose that both of them were in the wrong.

We may suppose that one was more in the wrong than the other.

P'rhaps one of them was an old hand at wrong-doing and the other more of an upstart.

P'rhaps the old hand had a sneaking regard for the virtue she didn't practice—but the other, the upstart, was more bold and actually denied the very principle of virtue.

I do not know—I only know that they were always quarreling and abusing one another.

At length it got so bad that the upstart lost her temper and threw a brick at the old hand. . . .

The neighbors were, it seems, an uncivilized lot of people; for instead of holding the women apart, they helped to arrange for them to fight it out and "fight to a finish."

Horrible as you may think it, they actually did go to a waste corner of land, where they would be unmolested, and then they fought. . . .

The neighbors stood by and made a ring and made bets on the result.

They fought. They had no weapons but their bare hands.

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News From Stoddard Civilian Service Camp

First of all we want to explain what you may do if you have trouble securing a classification as a complete conscientious objector (4E).

This information was sent to us from the National Service Board for Religious Objectors. It was obtained directly from Selective Service and is official.

If a registrant is not satisfied with the classification given him by his local board, he may appeal to the appeal board within ten days of receiving notice of classification.

"If the registrant's request for exemption is refused by the appeal board, he has, following hearing by the Department of Justice hearing officers, the opportunity within 10 days to file an appeal with the President of the United States. The letter addressed to the President should outline in detail the case the registrant feels he has. In addition it may be well to write to Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service (write in triplicate), enclosing a carbon of the letter to the President. It might be helpful if these letters to the General, but not to the President, were sent to the National Service Board so that they could be personally handed to General Hershey." (Bulletin No. 111, National Service Board for Religious Objectors, National Press Bldg., Washington, D. C.)

Appeals Granted

We have been informed by members of the National Service Board that approximately 90 per cent of the cases appealed to the President have been decided in favor of the claimant. So do not feel, if your claim is refused by the appeal board, that your case is hopeless. The experience has been that the higher you go in appealing your case, the more intelligent and unbiased the consideration it is accorded.

If you are interested in further information concerning appeals or procedure, write to the A.C.C.O., care of The Catholic Worker in New York concerning your particular problem.

Many Catholics have been refused C.O. classification because of ignorance or misinformation on the part of the members of the local board, of any Catholic position in opposition to war. Perhaps we should each one make a point of seeing and talking to the members of the local boards nearest us. We should also see our pastors, chancery offices and Bishops in an endeavor to gain their support and their blessings for our work. We must, with humility and perseverance, continue the work of stirring up thought and discussion on the issue.

As you know, we have been having our difficulties. For a long time we have had too few men in camp to justify the Forest Service in paying a man to supervise our work. Besides those who are delayed because of their classifications a large percentage of objectors are being deferred for other reasons. Hardly more than 15 per cent or 20 per cent of all the C.O.'s are classified and sent to camp. We have had only six men for the last month.

Friends Help

But by the grace of God we have kept going. Two weeks ago we were told to provide a work crew of 10 men so the Forest Service could get us started at

government work. Last week we asked the American Friends Service Committee to send us some men from their New England camps to make up the necessary work crew. When they gladly assented we visited the Friends camps in Royalston and Petersham, Mass. Four men from each camp volunteered to come and help us. They should be with us by the time this is printed. We appreciate most deeply their kindness in coming to our assistance.

The day after we had accepted the eight volunteers we received notice that seven Catholics were assigned to report on the 24th of October. We will have a good sized camp if they all arrive.

Economy

Our efforts to support ourselves and our prayers for assistance will have to be redoubled. Food for 20 hard work-

ting. But it does not belong to us, so by bartering our labor for it, we hope to provide all our food ourselves.

Appreciation

Food we have been storing, too. The beans Mrs. Hower canned were given to us by the Monks at St. Anselm's Abbey in Manchester, N. H. We picked as many as we could and are drying what were too ripe to eat. Before that, Bob Knobloch and George Mathues picked 75 pounds of blueberries which now fill 36 quart jars. Tomatoes given us by the Catholic Workers at Easton have been jarred for the winter, and our root cellar is well packed with potatoes and onions also from Easton. Our friends have been most generous to us. Alan Sheldon at Rutland's St. Francis House gave us some carpets, chairs, pictures, statues, lamps and so on that do make the place more homelike and comfortable. And the sox and sheepskin coat sent us from the Farming Commune at Oxford will be wear-

Life on the Land A Road to Peace

Maryfarm, Easton, Pa.

A strong peasantry is the backbone of civilization and culture. It may seem far-fetched to the immediate-minded, but we must offer a hard-won kind of peace, belabored years on the land.

Secularism

Industrialism in all its sleek ghastliness can be tolerated by degenerate men alone. Those who do not work for its replacement by a natural life and natural work in an agrarian environment need an effective eye-opener. For Christians there is no acceptance of this unnatural life. Their life is to be integrated and any environment not conducive to a full intellectual spiritual life is to be replaced by a natural way of life which aids in the develop-

Witness it now on Russian battlefronts and on scenes of famines in Europe.

Narrowed Life

These are men being slaughtered! Human personality cannot be purchased on any market. Murmur you... of a just war... patriotism... God and country... four freedoms... democracy... defense effort. All idle nothings. These are human beings, not figures on a ledger or words on a page of lecture notes.

The machines that enslaved men finally took their lives. What a vicious circle. The machine-tender is ground down in daily toil in the shop, his higher faculties cramped, forced into inactivity, his life narrowed to a mechanical existence in a purely material environment. This work-a-day world is not punishing enough. There come greater persecutions and about every twenty years there is a quickfire mass destruction of workers and the machine products they helped to produce.

Horses and Chariots

Smooth, glossy on the outside, this system is really brutal. Underneath, is death. Future victims stand by and applaud now at our defense work in the United States. We will out-mechanize the mechanized, they believe, and win out because we have tremendous resources of iron, coal, etc. Number these among the blind. Are not these our horses and chariots in which we would dare to trust?

The way out is through the combined constructive efforts of all men of good will. Voluntary association, possession of goods in common, handicrafts and agrarianism, and production for use are the techniques and means, in general, to be employed in constructing a new social order. Production for use can stymie the business magnates and hangers-on in their greed for continual profit and expanding trade. By the sharing of land, tools, and labor and its products voluntarily, men today can overcome the social abuses which bring about modern wars. Greed for commerce and its fruits is a thorny barrier to peace that is clung to with tenacity by those in power. A thorough-going solution to the problem of ambitious trade is the fostering of domestic, yes, home industry within an agrarian village economy. Food, clothing, shelter, and all man's other sane needs can be supplied domestically in any locality on the earth that is habitable for human beings. In fact, a place should be adjudged habitable because of the presence in the locality of the things needful for man. There should be no nation of shop-keepers exploiting a fifth of the world.

No Short Cuts

Let community life on the land be the aim of those who would abolish mechanized warfare. There is no short-cut to a peace that will have lasting qualities. Only a long-range view can effectually envision a society restored to sanity and the means to achieve that end.

Larry Heaney.



Read Joshua 6 and Judges 6 and 7 for a Philosophy of War

ing men is a large and never satisfied expense.

Fortunately we have a good and economical cook. Mrs. Edna C. Hower, the camp nurse, is also our cook. She has volunteered her services for two or three months at least. When she leaves we will have to look for another nurse. That is one of the more or less definite demands the government makes—that we have a nurse or doctor in camp.

A New Englander, Mrs. Hower is a very frugal cook. She has been canning apple sauce, and apple butter, beans, and grape jelly. She has shown us how to peel apples and string them up to dry and how to grind our own wheat for flour and cereal.

But with all her help the boys are kept more than busy cleaning, washing and cutting wood. We have had no washing machine and washed our sheets by hand as well as our shirts and work trousers, sox and so on. And now that winter is almost here we are doing our utmost to provide wood for the stoves. There will be ten stoves to feed almost continuously, day and night during the winter. The boys have already earned, by trading their labor for wood, fifty cords. Of course, that is standing timber and must still be cut and split.

In everything we do we are trying to save as much as we can. Since labor is about all we have to offer, we have been trading that for what we need. Many acres of timber were ruined by the hurricane. Firewood lies everywhere, ready for the cut-

able quite soon. It is chilly already.

As to our activities in the way of relaxation or community relations, they have not been many. We have been much too busy to set foot outside of camp more than once or twice a week.

But some time ago we received an invitation from the Quaker Work Camp at North Weare, N. H. We were asked to have dinner with them and discuss the Catholic C. O. camp. It was quite an interesting meeting, especially since two of the boys at the Work Camp are Catholics. We tried to explain the Catholic position on objection as well as the social and economic teachings of the Church. We feel that all these meetings spread understanding and friendship.

The Quakers have been very friendly and most helpful. They have cooperated in sending us volunteers to help us get started. These non-Catholic volunteers, understand of course, that ours is a fundamentally Catholic Camp; the participation in our religious exercises is voluntary.

We have not yet been able to secure the permission of our Bishop to have Mass said at the camp. We are too few in number to warrant the trouble it would be to the priest. But we will try again when we have a few more Catholic boys. We ask your prayers that our request will be granted.

In the meantime our common prayer consists in reading the Epistle and Gospel for the

ment of man's faculties. The present industrial system is the epitome of secularism, and must be banished from human society for this reason.

The acquisitive drive is given free reign, finances are easily procured, an adaptable tool, fast producing machinery is discovered, and an efficient method of production is unearthed—the result, the destruction of races nothing less.

day each morning after which we meditate for 15 minutes. In the evening we say the Rosary together and read a chapter from a book of Meditations. At present we are using St. Augustine's "Christian Life." We would welcome any contributions along the line of good spiritual reading as our library is good, but too limited.

Since it is difficult, considering our restricted finances, to travel very often, we have discussed a small camp paper. It would carry our ideas and experiences to other camps and to you. It would also give you all a sense of participation in our work. The most insurmountable obstacle at present is the lack of a mimeograph machine.

We want to thank all those who have done so much for us during this hardest time, the time of starting and struggling. We will still need help and much of it, but we want particularly to thank those who are so kind to us now.

Sincerely in Christ,
Dwight E. Larowe
Camp Director.

PATER NOSTER

"Give us this day our daily bread," we pray,
And then proceed to certain that it pay
By shelving time-consuming works of grace
To hurdle fence and hedge in money's chase,
"The Lord helps those who help themselves," we know,
The truth of such fond proverb we must show
And so we sweat and worry, moan and cry
To gain the shining coin by theft or lie,
Insuring what we spoke with bended head,
"O Lord, do give us our sweet daily bread."
The prayer says bread, but moderns will proclaim
That diets then and now are not the same.
We cannot live on caraway and crust,
For rye-crisp, broccoli, and the like we must
Consume to keep our figures in the trim
With vitamins X, Y and V for vim.
So bread no longer means the bun and roll,
But caviar or shrimp from some far shoal.
We catch all fish today that swim the pool,
The female full of spawn, the spawn—ah fool!
And so we for the future bait the hook
And further than the day we wisely look.
In May we store the gold for next May's threat
We worry, hoard and slave, and sweat, but yet
We bow the tumbled, spinning, head-ached head
And say, "Give us this day our daily bread."
Felicia Cetkowskl.

Meetings Now Held At Catholic Worker Every Wednesday

From the middle of October on through the winter, we will have our usual meetings in the store at 115 Mott street where we serve breakfasts in the mornings. These meetings have been going on for the past eight years and attending them are a small nucleus of faithful friends who like to get together once a week to discuss the issues taken up in *The Catholic Worker* and to meet citizens of the world who are also readers of the paper. Last winter we had visitors from Norway, Belgium, England, France, Austria, Italy, Germany, China, South Africa, Hungary, and I don't remember what other countries.

We have not gotten a speaker for the first night, because Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day will open the series. During the course of the year personalism, nationalism, solidarism, in addition to Communism, Fascism and Nazism, and always Catholicism, will be the topics discussed.

We would like our friends who have cars to see if they cannot collect a few chairs, preferably folding, for our meetings. Now that the summer is over, perhaps we can hang on to them. During the summer, when everyone is sitting day and night out in front, all the neighbors wander into the office, help themselves to a chair, and if it fits, they take it home with them. At least that is our suspicion, uncharitable though it may sound. Our principle of course is, if anyone takes your cloak, give him your coat, too. But we'll try to hang on to chairs this winter.

Bishop Muench: "No good Christian can want war. War kindles hatred instead of love in the hearts of men. War destroys those spiritual values which for more than nineteen hundred years the Church of Christ has sought to build into human civilization. We must light fires of peace and not fires of war." (January, 1941).

Stanley Asks for Street Sellers to Spread Paper

The importance of the Street Apostolate can never be too strongly stressed. It is a pity that we haven't a hundred or so willing workers selling the Catholic Worker on the streets of New York. We could easily find room for a thousand. But we are not that optimistic, for we realize that many people for various reasons can not engage in selling papers on the streets. However, we would like to get in touch with those of our readers who would care to volunteer their services in selling and distributing the Catholic Worker on the streets of New York this winter.

Many of our readers have joined the Subway Apostolate. This consists in distributing copies of the paper in subways, busses, trains, cars as they travel back and forth from work and shopping. Others leave the paper in waiting rooms and barber shops.

Then there is the Remailing Apostolate. This consists in re-mailing the paper to missionaries, Chaplains of CCC and army camps. Some of our readers copy the names of people from their daily papers and mail them the paper. Others more blest with this world's goods make up lists of their friends and send in subscriptions for them. In this manner we have made many friends. The many letters in our files testify to the efficacy of the Remailing Apostolate.

There are many other methods besides the above listed of distributing Catholic literature, and we would like to hear from our readers who are engaged in the Apostolate of the Catholic Press. We would welcome their ideas and suggestions, as well as an account of their experiences.

Before you put this paper down why not make it your intention to get at least another reader for the Catholic Worker. If everyone of our 100,000 readers did this it would help immeasurably to putting across the Catholic Worker Program.

For as we sow, so shall we reap.

I am the food of the full grown; become adult and thou shalt feed on me.
St. Augustine.

Tobacco Road Not Just a Play In New England

(Continued from page 1)
whether or not such a practice should persist."

"Elaborating his charge that conditions were 'a menace to the health, morals, safety and general welfare' of the children, Commissioner Danaher wrote:

"Inadequate transportation facilities is the general rule. One employer refused transportation to children who could not work because of weather conditions. He was willing to leave them 10 miles from home, to find their way back as best they could, because he felt they were wrong in refusing to work in the rain.

Brutal Losses

"Foremanship is generally at a low level, with children being buffeted around, cuffed and belittled in a manner that could not persist for a single day in any well-regulated factory.

"Inadequate drinking and toilet facilities exist in many places, and it is fair to state that many operators consider



St. Thomas the Apostle

that their duties toward their child-workers begin and end with the payment of wages....

"Among the instances cited in the report were:

"A 13-year-old girl was permanently scarred because of the employer's custom of herding the children into a truck to transport them to a farm. No seats were provided and the branch of a tree ripped open the side of her face.

"Charges were filed against a foreman accused of making improper advances to small boys employed on the farm. A 12-year-old girl was found working in a covered field with a group of 60 boys.

Class War

"A 12-year-old boy was attacked by the owner of a farm and a serious cut inflicted on his leg. Miss Purtell, in a letter to the National Child Labor Committee, stated: 'On one field where the straw boss was in the habit of threatening the children with a long-bladed knife, the youngsters purchased cheap, little jackknives and while they knew one small jackknife was a poor defense against the boss's deadlier weapon, hoped that a 'gang up' with the full force of arms, might prove effective.'

Massachusetts Too

"Subsequently the Commissioner stated that among the child workers were 1,200 non-resident children nine to 14 years transported from Massa-

The Least of These

(Letters from Harrisburg)

Harrisburg, Pa.,
September, 1941.

Dear fellow workers:

I have given you a few examples of the merciless attitude of the powers-that-be towards poor dying Negroes, but here is one infinitely worse towards the living—two young girls under seventeen.

A neighbor living quite close to our house was quarantined for syphilis. At sixteen she had been thrown out by her mother to shift for herself, sleeping where she could, ending up inevitably in a nearby house of prostitution. The police found her there and after the usual examination, bundled her into the patrol car and took her back to her mother's house, slapping a yellow syphilis quarantine on the front door. This was an awful disgrace, of course, and after beating the unfortunate girl severely, they began to devise ways and means of getting rid of her. No House of Correction had room for her apparently, there was no place for her to go. She begged neighbors to take her anywhere out of her mother's house.

Finally they heard of a place on Sarah street, in the notorious prostitution district, which was already occupied by several other women under quarantine for the same thing. Sol Locke, an infamous landlord, rents a room for \$2 a week to these women in one of his rotten houses. So our young neighbor was taken there by the police and confined, thus removing the quarantine from the mother's place. Some of the inmates of this house on Sarah street had been released after a course of treatment and now the only occupants are two young girls, our neighbor and another girl about her own age. Their only "chaperone" is a policeman who looks in at frequent intervals to see if they are still inside, and of course permitting no one to enter.

The girls have nothing to do but sit in idleness and despair,

eating the meager food handed in to them by friends or relatives. Eventually they will be released. What will become of them? No one cares. No one wants to know where they will go or what happens to them. Nothing will be heard of them maybe for months or years until they return to their old neighborhood to fall dying in the gutter like Lucille.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Mary Frecon.

Harrisburg, Pa.,
Oct. 6, 1941.

Dear fellow workers:

I enclose a letter written to me by the young girl quarantined on Sarah street. I went to see her and certainly do feel sorry for her. She said it was a mistake to put her in such a place and I could readily believe her after hearing her description of it.

I went to Father Tighe on Saturday and he took up her case at once with the Police Department. They told him they had no other place to put these girls, showed him a letter from the House of the Good Shepherd in Philadelphia stating they had only room for one hundred while they had received applications from one hundred and fifty. It is the same old, old story—no room.

The police are evidently aware that the quarantine is being violated. Father Tighe asked why they did not stop it and the reply was "we will."

Sarah street is a narrow little alley back of Sixth street. A row of small old style brick houses flush with the pavement is owned by Sol Locke who, as I told you, rents the "apartments" for two dollars a week per person. It is the worst prostitution area in the city and I cannot understand why it is permitted to exist. At any rate, it is no place for two girls under eighteen, and I will continue to do all in my power to get them out.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Mary Frecon.

AN APPEAL

This is an appeal for clothes, for toys and games for the children's center in Harlem. Soon the cold days will be upon us and the Porto Rican children will be coming to St. Anthony's Center in droves seeking warm clothing. Mittens, warm underwear and shoes are especially needed. Then, too, we would like toys and if anyone has post cards that they have no use for, we can use them. The children put them together in scrap-books which they send to hospitals for the pleasure of other children. Books and games that will amuse the children during the dark, cold winter days will be welcome. Above all the center needs a statue of good St. Anthony to replace the one that was stolen four months ago.

When the first bitter winds begin to blow, think of these Spanish and Latin-American children, ill-fed, ill-clothed, from the overcrowded slums of Harlem and send us the clothing that you no longer need. Send packages to me at 115 Mott St., or to the director, John Fleming, St. Anthony's House, 1812 Lexington Ave., and may God bless you.
Leonard Austin.

achusetts, to work on Connecticut farms. They left home in trucks at 5:30 in the morning, worked for 10 hours, and were lucky to get back home by 7 p.m. Massachusetts says it can do nothing about children working in Connecticut. The Connecticut Labor Department has no power to regulate conditions on 'farms.' Every effort to pass legislation dealing with the situation over a long period of years has failed. However, 'there will be no 'Tobacco Road' in Connecticut if this Department can help it,' says Commissioner Danaher, urging Federal legislation.

"The child labor provisions of the Wage-Hour Act cannot be invoked to end these flagrant abuses, for children working in agriculture when not legally required to attend school are exempt from the Act. New legislation must be adopted to protect these children and the thousands of others who work on the nation's crops."

"Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own but as common to all, so as to share them without hesitation when others are in need."
—St. Thomas Aquinas.

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THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

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Conscience

(The following is the first of four instructions on conscience from "Meditations for Layfolk," by Bede Jarrett. We will run the others in succeeding issues.)

(I) Catholics, just because of all their efforts to secure Catholic education and a Catholic atmosphere for their children, must admit that conscience can be changed, trained, developed. We protest that it is possible for the consciences of children brought up under non-Catholic principles and with non-Catholic ways of regarding life and its obligations, to become distorted and even destroyed. All the promptings that are right and normal and that should be almost instinctive may become hopelessly obscured, and their fine delicacy so blunted as no longer to produce that feeling of shame and moral reprehension that should at least follow an evil deed. No doubt there are certain principles that are so fundamental and elementary that it is very difficult to imagine them wholly inoperative—such, for example, would be the rudimentary idea that a man should do to others only what he would wish them to do to him. In varying forms this idea seems to be of universal acceptance, but other subsidiary notions can certainly become obliterated by custom or ignorance. St. Paul uses a most expressive word to describe the effect made by sin upon the conscience, for he speaks of sinners as having their consciences "seared," that is, the delicacy and responsiveness to evil suggestion have been lost through a hardening of the perceptive faculty of the soul, comparable only to the loss of all feeling produced by a burn, which hardens the skin and deadens its perceptive power. Thus by everything that we proclaim, we show that we Catholics regard the conscience as something not definite or stationary, but easily affected and capable of education and refinement.

(II) Conscience, therefore, is subject to influence; hence it cannot be a mere collection of principles. Sometimes in our conversation we speak of a man of conscience as "a man of principle" as though the two things were necessarily the same, whereas they are quite distinct. Principles are unchanging, whereas conscience is alive. Conscience is more accurately what the poets have always described it to be—a voice, not in the sense that it is a voice external to us, but that it is the inarticulate expression of our whole being. Perhaps we have had the notion that conscience was the voice of God whispering in our ears, a voice that tells us of things of which we are ignorant, an instructive suggestion, much as revelation is. But conscience is nothing of the kind. It is the voice simply of ourselves, though based upon certain rudimentary principles such as we have already described. It is, if you like, a faculty, like the musical faculty, which must first of all be inherent before it can be cultivated, but which assuredly requires cultivation. Left to itself, it might go off into all sorts of wrong paths. It needs to be taken in hand by someone who has both judgment and taste, by whom it may be fashioned to its best purpose. Conscience is always changing, always fluid, so that we do things today that our conscience is silent about, whereas tomorrow it may furiously upbraid us for even thinking of them. I have, then, obviously to train my conscience, for of itself, except in the very simplest things, it will not necessarily act aright. There are souls, indeed, that are naturally Christian, but how few, and these, not on every point!

(III) Now to train my conscience I have need of some definite principles by means of which I can be certain that I am on the right path. What are these? Perhaps I may notice that there are three such sources: (a) the principles of the natural law, such as justice, truthfulness, etc., dictates; (b) the principles of the supernatural law, laid down in faith and morals by the Church as representing the teaching power that Christ left to continue His work; (c) the actual life of our Lord, which takes in concrete form the abstract principles that the others profess. In the first two we see simply how life should be lived; in the last we can see it actually lived. These separate

DAY AFTER DAY

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crowded at Mott street, and the fact that we had some young mothers and babies who needed to use the kitchen for formulas just when dinner or lunch was being prepared for two hundred and fifty, made it more and more imperative that we move.

Marie Conti's Martha House in Detroit had inspired us also to this move. There was such a quiet, homelike atmosphere that it was a pleasure to drop by there on a trip and rest a bit. One cannot be very quiet and homelike with fifteen hundred people coming in for breakfast, lunch and dinner every night. And the paper being published and mailed from the same place. Certainly the Mott street house is not a sample of what a hospice could be. Mary's House will give people an idea of what a small house of hospitality would be like and perhaps be another step in the movement to establish them in all poor parishes throughout the country. The house at Mott street shows the gigantic need.

We're hoping that some group of women will undertake to help us pay the rent. It is pretty easy to get food; shelter has always been the difficulty.

Under a Tree

One of the joys of the new house is the park across the street. I wrote a short story once about a young mother living in a dingy basement of a tenement and the joy she had in her first baby. It was entitled: "She Could Sit Under a Tree," and I wrote it because I myself always enjoyed sitting down on a bench in a tiny park and breathing a bit in restful contemplation of the beauty of a tree in the midst of the city slums.

On three sides of the park are tenements and the Chinese and Italian children from these tenements play in the park. The fourth side of the square is a grim one, made up of huge blocks of buildings, the Tombs and the Criminal Court buildings. They are new, and there is, of course, beauty in these buildings if you can just forget whom they house. They do not loom over you threateningly, but rise rather airily like clouds into the blue sky.

Festoons

Down in the back yard, which is between our Mary's house and the front building, there are three cats, mother, father and baby, black as coals, with an occasionally white

dash about the face. Teresa goes down to sprinkle the baby one with flea powder every now and then as she says the pests are stunting the poor kitten's growth. In the back of the house there is still another yard, to the rear of a Baxter street house, and there is a turtle and a "pale faced cat with grouchy eyes," as Teresa describes it, who live under some privet hedges which grow rather meagerly along one side.

These are gloomy yards, after the brightness of the open park, but right now our yard is festooned with chains and chains of bright red and green peppers, which made me



cry, "Glory be to God" when I first saw them, they were so gay. Praise God indeed, who made peppers and kittens and turtles and not that tall block of concrete and steel which houses thousands of men who are on the one hand but dust, and on the other "little less than the angels." We are to see Christ in them all, but down here we see Him in His most degraded guise.

September 18, Feast of St. Januarius, is a great feast day around here, with colored lights stung across the streets, flags and festoons of branches and flowers, a bandstand around the corner on Mulberry street, and processions in the streets. All of Mulberry, from Columbus park straight up to Grand street, and from Baxter over to Mott, the streets are

sources, if properly studied, will give us the main ways of achieving a properly regulated conscience; for the real trouble of conscience is that we are responsible for conscience itself. It is not enough for me to say that my conscience lets me do this or that, since the further point can quite properly be put: Has my conscience any right to do it? Certainly it is possible to have a false conscience, and it is possible also that this falseness of conscience may be my own fault entirely. The question, then, is not so simple as it sounds, for conscience is not the external voice of God whispering to me, but is really just the voice of my whole being; it is not separate from me, but only myself. To see, therefore, whether or not my own conscience is correct, I must make frequent meditation on the faith and on the Gospels, and on that code of moral life which I find accepted even by those who make no pretence to be following the teaching of Christ. Only when I have done this shall I really know whether my conscience is healthy or scrupulous, whether lax or too personal, or whether it follows the lines laid down by our Blessed Lord and continued after His design by the Church. Conscience is above all, but that is only because it has been formed after the fashion of Christ.

decorated and thronged with people. One goes out walking in the evening and the crowd takes up the entire street. There is little possibility of a car getting through.

But we have seen little of the fiesta for two reasons, our moving the woman's house and for the visitors that have been coming in. Clarification of thought, round table discussions, and just plain conversations are the beginnings of Peter's whole program of peaceful change.

He would rather talk than write, and he is a born teacher. Sometimes he has days when no visitors appear for conversation, and then other days there are scores of them, coming and going, none of them staying long enough for a real visit.

Last Sunday a conscientious objector came up to New York from Philadelphia to talk to Arthur or Dwight about the camp in New Hampshire, but Arthur being on leave of absence and Dwight not there either, he stayed to talk to Peter from one until eight in the evening. That was a real conversation, but I was not there.

When the young fellow left, he had clutched a number of books under his arm. He had had a real synthesis, an outline of history, and a fresh beginning of study and an impetus for further study for the pursuit of wisdom.

Yesterday was a good day but tiring, just because there had been too many visitors and all of them at once. Each time the door opened, and another friend came in, and introductions had to be gone through with, and interruptions in thought, in conversation—I longed for a regular class room, where Peter could sit at a desk, and start with one, and go on and on, and people would just come softly in as though they had been late for class, and there would be no interruptions.

That would probably be Peter's idea of Heaven.

We talked of the Anaconda Copper company, and of Chile and what was happening in Chile. (One of our guests was a seminarian from Chile).

The Anaconda Copper company is owned by Catholics and there are Catholics in its management. The largest copper mine in the world is in northern Chile and employs fifteen thousand Chileans who are paid ten pesos a day, the equivalent to a third of a dollar in our money. Englishmen and Americans have the office jobs and receive very high salaries paid in American money, and they regard the natives, a mixture of Spanish and Indian and also the pure Spanish that have been there a long time, as animals, and call them yellow bellies. They have easy work but the natives toil out there in the desert, at the heaviest and most gruelling work and there are many accidents and deaths in the mine and every so often there are explosions and then forty or sixty are killed at once.

It is a city of miners, and they do not earn enough for vacations, or to educate their children or to leave the life they are living. It is a short

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+ + + Lifelessness Is Lovelessness + + +

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tuous dinners in elegant hotels. The dinners are arranged, no doubt, to sustain the delegates through their difficult work; while, to relieve frayed nerves, discussions are punctuated by frequent recreational features. There is an air of bustle about all this, and a delusion of accomplishment. Speeches are multiplied, papers are read showing what ought to be done, or congratulating those present on what they are supposed to have done already; then plans are made for the next convention. Because of all this noise and activity men fancy that they are making huge advances for Christianity. Nevertheless, in spite of it all, the masses have been lost to the Church.

The criterion of external activity is not a good one. Nowadays we love activity for its own sake; that it may be fruitless activity is no matter. We suffer from what a contemporary writer calls *energeticism*. Moreover, one may have other than supernatural reasons for attending a dinner. Or something besides pure zeal for souls may enter into the resolution to join a gathering of congenial people, held amid luxurious surroundings, to talk about the world's affliction and distress—between dinners and dances and swimming parties. Of course there is nothing intrinsically evil in all such things. The point is that they are fruitless supernaturally; for spiritual works must employ spiritual means.

"Prayer is good with fasting and alms more than to lay up treasures of gold." (Tobias, 12, 8). More would be gained for an organization by prayer and fasting than by luxury and display. These spiritual means, were they more frequently used at meetings and conventions, and more strongly insisted upon as a matter of policy in doing God's work, would unmistakably point to reserves of supernatural strength and energy in the groups employing them.

When the Apostles had important work on hand, the Acts tell us, the procedure they followed was prayer and fasting. A discussion in which earnest Christians sincerely seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit in promoting apostolic work should have as its fitting preparation a day or so of fasting; it should be conducted in a spirit of mortification, silence and recollection, with all participants making a holy hour each day and really generous souls doing a great deal more.

The Holy Spirit would surely guide such deliberations, and supernatural effects in the souls of men would follow. To conduct a work of Catholic Action in the manner and spirit of an American Legion Convention is to exclude the action of the Holy Spirit, who instructs the souls of men only amid silence and solitude and prayer.

Great Neglect

Furthermore, results that look large in the aggregate may be paltry enough when examined in detail. Statistics are sometimes impressive only until they are analyzed. That in a given place or group there are so many confessions or communions in a certain length

of time may suggest that the level of spirituality there is quite high, but when the figures are broken down, while perhaps revealing great devotion on the part of the few, they are as likely as not to reveal no less certainly great neglect on the part of the many.

Besides, even in the case of the few, the number of their devotions gives no clue to their interior dispositions; and it is these dispositions—secret, intangible, and conditioning



even the fruitfulness of the sacraments for each individual—that we must know in order to gauge accurately the spiritual vitality of any person. As for organized groups, if their spiritual value is to be known, we must possess this intimate knowledge of the various members, not indeed individually, but at least considering them as a whole. For this difficult appraisal, statistics, membership lists, conventions, well-attended dinners, prepared speeches, and all norms of a similar kind are of very little assistance.

Can we not then make any judgment at all concerning the vitality of the organization? Yes; just as we know the soul, the principle of natural life, from its visible properties and effects, so also can we recognize the presence of spiritual life by its properties and effects. If we would know whether a group is spiritually alive, we must observe whether it has strength and power of action, whether there is daily renewal of interior life in the souls of its members, bringing about in them a continuous growth in virtue, and, finally, whether there is present the power of reproduction.

While all these properties are of use in estimating one's own spiritual condition, the last one, in practice, is of the greatest value in determining objectively the vitality of a group, since reproductiveness is something that we can see and measure. All living things have the power to reproduce themselves, and the lack of such power indicates lifelessness. Of course every individual in a species may not have this power, but the species as a whole must have it. So also, in the spiritual order, while it would not be safe to base any judgments on the visible fruits of the individual, since great saints have pro-

duced little in that way, nevertheless we can form a judgment concerning the productiveness of a group or society of men.

If such a group does not show itself productive by a steady increase in the virtue and zeal of its members, as well as by the graces that it wins for others, to be shown later in their conduct also, then certainly it is not spiritually alive, though its secular activities are manifold and prosperous. For this reason the words of Pius XI with which we began, in spite of all lists of statistics and ill-founded hopes, indicates a lack of vitality in the agencies of Catholic Action.

Interior Life

The best place to estimate the interior life of an organization is, not in the national meetings, which are a mere random grouping, but in the more organic grouping of its small local units or cells. Without much trouble a group of leaders can be gathered from a large territory to hold a meeting—or a dinner. But this is no infallible sign of life in the local units of the society; too frequently the leaders constitute the total active membership here.

A body is only as strong as the individual cells; in fact it becomes a body only through the division of living cells. When there is no interest or life in the local parish units of an organization—and I am always speaking of spiritual life and interest in the things of God—it may hold socially successful conventions or splendid balls, but it will add no supernatural life to an age dying for want of that life. What really counts in it is whether there is spiritual force and growth in its members, whether there is in them the intention to advance in virtue themselves and to transmit the seeds of spiritual life to others, and, finally, whether they are using the supernatural means necessary to effect these highly desirable ends.

Up to this point we have established two things; first, that our efforts are a failure, our organizations lifeless; secondly, that to see and study this condition, we must know something of the hearts of the individuals who make up these organizations, and this knowledge we can obtain by observing the powers of spiritual renewal and reproductiveness in local units. It remains to point out the cause of lifelessness; and if the probing leads to unpleasant conclusions, let it be remembered that disease is always unpleasant.

Two Points

The kind of life which must be possessed by those working in the apostolate, which they desire also to give to others, is supernatural life. This they obtain in grace, and it is rich and full within them in proportion to their possession of grace. Moreover, the life of grace, as the Scriptures teach us, is the same as the divine life; it is a participation in the divine life (II Pet. 1, 4). As the branches obtain life from the vine (this is the example that Jesus Himself gives us) so do our souls obtain divine life through the sacred hu-

manity of Jesus. Therefore, with the Church we pray to the Father that He will make us "sharers in the divinity of Him who became a partaker in our humanity, namely, Jesus Christ, Our Lord . . ." There are two points to grasp here. First, Jesus, in His divine nature and person is life, is identical with life, the source of life: "I am the life" (Jo. 14, 6). Secondly, He communicates this same life to us through His humanity: "I am come that they may have life, and have it more abundantly." (Jo. 10, 10).

God Is Love

God, then, is life. Likewise, "God is love." (I Jo. 4, 16). As our supernatural life is a sharing in the divine life, so our love is a sharing in the infinite love of God. In this matter of supernatural love, there is a condition parallel to what we noticed in connection with supernatural life: first, God is love; secondly, this love is communicated to us by God Himself—"the charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Spirit who has been given to us." (Rom. 5, 5). Consequently, to be endowed with supernatural life is to possess supernatural love. As physical life is manifest in health and strength, so supernatural life makes itself manifest in love; and life is strong in the measure that love is ardent. For life is given to us in grace, and grace, if we are docile to its attractions, would unite us more and more intimately to God in love. Thus the love of God is not a mere natural exercise of the human will; it is not something that we create within ourselves, as of ourselves; it is a gift, a real participation in the divine life of love. Of course the fact that charity is a gift of God does not exempt us from effort; we are ourselves, in a very large measure, responsible for the degree and intensity of our love, for charity is a reward merited by our correspondence with grace.

Weakness

So far, so good; now for the unpleasant part. If, on the one hand, to possess the divine life is the same as to participate in



the divine love, then, on the other, to be spiritually lifeless is simply to be wanting in the love of God. If life is love, then lifelessness is lovelessness. Herein lies the significance of worldliness and self-seeking in Catholic organizations, of their preoccupation with amusement and recreations, of their dependence for success on merely natural baits

and enticements. Whatever weakens love, weakens life; attachments for creatures, even when they step short of what is sinful, divert our affections from God to squander them on worldly trifles; and, thus lessening our love, they at the same time diminish our life, for life is love. And if we are at least partly responsible for the fervor of our charity, in spite of the fact that it is a divine gift, we are wholly responsible for our deficiency in love. Our lifelessness and lovelessness is not due to stinginess on God's part but to our giving our affections to the things of the world. Not that there is anything wrong with creatures, not that they are evil, but they absorb our affections, so that love of God and zeal in his service are dried up within us. Every lessening of love is a lessening of life.

Our conclusion must be, much as we may be tempted to rebel against it, that our spiritual apathy and ineffectiveness is caused by a want of love for God. "This people honors me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me." (Isa. 29, 13). The reason for the failure of our effort is no mere technical defect in organization, no lack of means or inferiority in personnel; it is a deficiency of heart, of desire, of love. In view of our failure to capture the world for Christ, what other conclusion is possible? For the victory should be ours: it has already been won for us: "I have overcome the world." (Jo. 16, 33.)

You may object: "Even those careless Christians that you speak of, while perhaps lacking the passionate love of the saints, nevertheless show sufficient love of God in the fact that they avoid serious sin."

Love of Neighbor

Undoubtedly, those who aim only at the avoidance of mortal sin do have some love, sufficient also for their salvation—provided that (what the spiritual masters would not allow possible), being so lukewarm, they are able to retain it. Yet in proving their love by the fact that they have not committed grave sin, they resemble a man who proves his love for his wife by the fact that he does not murder her. Remember, we are talking here of apostles, of those who are ambitious to serve Christ in a special way, having pledged themselves to fight under His banner for the establishment of His kingdom. Is a man said to serve his master generously simply because he refrains from assassinating that master? Can a kingdom be won by half-hearted fighting, lukewarm devotion, loyalty without enthusiasm. "It is to be noted," says St. Gregory, "that the commandment stipulates a certain measure in the love of neighbor: Love your neighbor as yourself. But the love of God is not restricted by any measure: Love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength. We are commanded here, not merely to love God as much as we can, but to love Him wholly, From your whole heart. . . For he loves God truly who leaves nothing of himself for himself." (Homily for the Feast of St. Joseph Cupertino.)

The Shame of the Neighbors

By ERIC GILL

(Continued from page 1)

They scratched and tore at one another.
They tore at one another's hair and clothes.
They bit and kicked and screamed and cursed.
Neither would either relent or give way.
The neighbors stood round and gloated.
Their desire for excitement was supplied to the full.
Before long both women were covered with blood and were more or less naked.
Their whole bodies were torn with their clawings and bruised with their kicking.
Their hair, torn and bedraggled, fell over their faces and their eyes.
They had nothing on but torn scraps of clothing.
Half blind and wholly mad, they fought till one slipped and was unable to rise and the other was too exhausted to stand over her—too exhausted to triumph.
Perhaps their shrieking and cursing were even worse and more horrible than their clawing and nakedness.
This is a true story. I was told it by an eyewitness, one of the neighbors. He himself brought up in that world—in and out of gaol—but a kind old man all the same. He admitted that the sight was the most horrible thing he had ever seen.
Why repeat such a story?
For this reason only: that that picture is the nearest I can get to a true picture of war as it is today.

* * *

Take the scales from your eyes.
Forget the neat, smart uniforms.
Forget the solemn speeches of prime ministers and archbishops.
Forget the majesty of battleships and their lively mechanical efficiency.
Forget the cleverness of chemists and mechanics with their bombs and machine guns.
Forget even the pains and miseries, the wounds and destruction.
These things are dreadful enough—a desecration of the "temple of the Holy Ghost."
But there is a worse thing than these:
The abomination of desolation is the denial of charity.
Cast away the scales from your eyes.
Look at Europe as it must appear to the Saints in Heaven—to the onlookers.
In what way can it look any different from a bestial quarrel between two sinful women?
England and Germany! Each seeking how she may claw her neighbor's eyes out. Each seeking how she may best arouse and maintain a spirit of hate and fear.
Here is no prizefight—more or less good humoredly conducted according to rules.
Here is no contest of professional armies, trained and willing champions of their countries.
Here is no David and Goliath—no "thin red line of heroes."
Here are whole nations pitted against one another.
Every man and woman are combatants, each in their several ways.
There are no civilians, no non-combatants.
All are guilty—all are victims.
What then?
The thing that is perfectly clear in my story of the women of Bermondsey is this: that whatever may have been their justification for hating one another—and, God knows, human beings can arouse one another to anger—there was no possible justification for the behavior of the neighbors—in letting them "fight to a finish."
That is the most frightful part of the story—
That the neighbors looked on,
That the neighbors did not stop the fight,
That the neighbors did not separate the fighters and insist on an adjustment of their quarrel according to reason.
Such a picture as I have tried to place before your eyes is, in its very nature, horrible.
But why?
Why, if two men fight should we not find it so immediately horrible?
And I'm not thinking thus simply because I'm a man.
It is certain that all women would be equally horrified.
What is the peculiar horror of that Bermondsey fight?
I think it is this: that it was not a fight between fighters as fighters, but between human beings as human beings.
It was totalitarian war.
And it is like that in war today.
Nations are fighting one another.
And the neighbors are looking on. . .
WE are looking on
It is a frightful spectacle of nations at war.
It is not armies at war—but nations. (And nations are a sort of women, as our common speech testifies—our countries are our motherlands. . .)
And when nations fight nations, it is no longer the more or less glorious business belauded by Homer or in the Song of Roland.
It is not a sort of Battle of Trafalgar.
It is no longer even a Battle of the Somme.
It is just like those two women—
pitting themselves as animals against one another.
Surrendering all rules—
Surrendering all decency—
Surrendering all humanity—
Surrendering all Charity.
Each side only waiting for the other to commit some bestiality

Pittsburgh, Pa.

St. Francis House
2418 Carson St.

September 19, 1941.

Dear Fellow Workers:

On September 4 we moved from 12 Pius Street to our present address. Although it was hastened by the landlord's ultimatum, the move seems to have been a providential one.

Directly across the street from St. Michael's Church, within a few minutes walk of the Passionist Monastery on the hill behind us, and with Catholic influence in evidence on all sides, the original situation served ideally as a sort of "novitiate" for the group. But now we find ourselves on the South Side's main street where the wholly friendless are more apt to be found. The new quarters are somewhat larger than the old. There are three rooms, and a fairly large lean-to for produce, etc., on the first floor, and one sleeping room upstairs. The building is narrow, so the set-up is not as roomy as it sounds, but it is more convenient for workers and visitors than the single storeroom we had before, and our "ambassadors of God," some of them cripples, need no longer climb a tiring hill to reach us.

Our Pius St. sojourn was memorable for the visits of Peter and Dorothy and members of other groups. Just one—Phil Toner of Philadelphia—has visited us thus far at the new address. We hope that others will pass this way soon. In fact, we are already looking forward to an early visit from Ade Bethune.

There are new problems here, of course. Pray that we may meet them in the Assisian way.

Devoted in Christ the
Worker,
St. Francis' Helpers.

and then follow suit. They admit this: they call it "Reprisals."
Do you think we shall not use poison gas? We shall certainly do so, if the Germans do. Our leaders are proud to boast that we've got it all ready for them. . .
Do you think that we are not abusing and cursing one another like those women?
But listen to some of our politicians.
Read our newspapers—
They lose no opportunity for pointing out the crimes of our enemies.
They suppress all signs of humility and repentance in our own people.
It is not vulgar abuse; it is not vulgar boasting—not always. It is more subtle, even more wicked than that.
It is a steady pressure of propaganda quietly poisoning the minds of the people.
I say this then:
Seeing the matter without the mists of romance.
Ridding our minds of false glamour and unreal, out-of-date notions about war—
personal prowess and glory,
the honor and glory of God,
the vocation of soldiering,
What do we see?
I say we see a spectacle almost exactly similar to that of the two women fighting in a slum.
I say that that is the true picture of war today—totalitarian war.
The conclusion is obvious. It must be stopped.
It is no excuse for continuing that one side is wicked than the other.
It is no excuse for continuing that if we don't "fight to a finish" the enemy will overrun our country.
Would such excuses weigh with you in the case of the Bermondsey women?
Would you have approved their fighting because one of them was worse than the other?
Would you have approved because if they didn't fight to the end there was a chance that the worse would dominate the better?
Would anything at all have stopped you from stopping it?
But, you may say, in such a case we could have called the police—but here there are no police to call in!
That is an evasion.
There was no need to call in the police in Bermondsey—the neighbors could have stopped the fight—if they had willed to do so, and without violence.
Have France and England and Germany and Russia no neighbors?
And we are also our own neighbors.

Archbishop McNicholas:
"The longer the war continues, the greater is the danger that desperate leaders and armies will stop at nothing. Their methods will become more inhuman and diabolical. All this perversion is the natural consequence of materialism and irreligion." (February 4, 1941).

Workers Tell of Beatings by Masked Men

(Continued from page 1)

possible internal injuries. Both men were cut and bruised all over. It required twenty cans of ether to remove the tar from the two men.

Since 1934 seven men have been beaten, abused, jailed or kidnapped in this county for union work. The Governor says he has no power to act, the sheriff says he has "no clues." Sympathetic public officials say that even with strong evidence a conviction in the local courts would be impossible, for the sheriff has full control over the jury lists. So justice will not be obtained by these means. Nor will men be diverted from their belief in violence by these means.

To those who have suffered violence for their beliefs and who are still suffering injustice it is hard to say that true justice is the fruit of charity. It is even more difficult to say "overcome evil with good, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you. Yet Christ shrank neither from saying it nor from practicing it. And only active Christian love is strong enough to overcome violent hate.

The Land Question Keeps Bobbing Up

His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, in his Pentecostal Sunday radio broadcast, called attention to the land question, noting the basic social and moral implications involved.

During the Catholic Rural Life Conference at Jefferson City, Mo., several weeks ago, a session was devoted to "Land Tenure," the speakers being Dr. Harry Gunnison Brown of the University of Missouri and the Rev. Joseph H. Fichter, S.J., of St. Mary's College, Kansas.

"Georgism"

Some months ago the Rev. Fichter had a brilliant article in the Catholic World entitled, "The Revival of Georgism," in which land reform again was the keynote, as one can imagine from the title.

But even more significant than these incidents is the discussion heard here, there and everywhere of the land question and inevitably of the philosophy of Henry George. This current of thought seems to link up with the efforts of a group of followers of Henry George, about which we are hearing more and more.

School

It was about eight years ago that this group organized the Henry George School of Social Science, occupying a modest little place on Seventy-ninth street. Since then the school has expanded into a five-story building, formerly a telephone exchange, at 30 East Twenty-ninth street, and we are informed that extension classes are operated throughout the country, and that a rather sizable correspondence course is also conducted.

It is a unique educational institution. In the first place, it does not charge any tuition fee for its basic course. The instructors are men and women in all walks of life, of all religious denominations and political belief, who devote their spare time toward the teaching of the philosophy of Henry George gratuitously. A considerable amount of the secretarial work is also done by volunteer graduates.

Not Political

The school has no political ideology and even avoids any semblance of one through discouraging the organization of its graduates. Of this school it can be truly said that "education for education's sake" is the ideal.

The textbook, as might be expected, is Progress and Poverty. But the school does not even require the student to purchase a book. They advertise the fact that the book can be obtained in every library, dollar on this 571-page volume, and it is very obvious that this price is possible only because of subsidization or endowment. The school has asked the CATHOLIC WORKER to call the attention of our readers to its correspondence course and has placed in our hands a number of copies of the book for the convenience of our subscribers. Anyone interested in taking the correspondence course can enroll through this publication. Those who desire a copy of the textbook, Progress and Poverty, will have one delivered postpaid upon receipt of one dollar.

Books, Pamphlets, Papers

CONSCRIPTION AND LIBERTY. This is a five-cent pamphlet, which can be ordered from the Youth Committee Against War, 22 E. 17th St., New York City.

This pamphlet will be of interest to all objectors, to whatever degree, to participation in war. That is to say, it is full of information for the man who will accept non-combatant service in the army, as well as those who will accept service in a civilian camp.

It is an interesting fact that all the civilian camps are run by religious groups, but there are a great many objectors who profess no religion but accept the hospitality of the camps. So here are centers where the most vital issues of our life are being discussed. I do not mean war and peace, but man's nature and his destiny.

There are also objectors who will not accept the conscription law and its exemption clauses and who go to jail.

To all these groups this little pamphlet will be interesting and informative.

* * *

STORM OVER BRIDGES,

by Leo Huberman. Printed by the Harry Bridges Defense Committee, 593 Market Street, San Francisco, California. Send contributions, no matter how small, to this address.

We've had many an article on Bridges and his work in the labor movement. I've visited the west coast and talked to bishops, priests, professors, industrialists, longshoremen, lumber workers and seamen. There has been discussion as to politics in unions of course, and there have been plenty who have held hostile opinions because they honestly believed that he was a Red. But most of them have admitted the good work he has done for labor. Most of them have respected him. All of them I have urged to read about his case, and not only read about it, but visit the hiring halls, talk to the longshoremen themselves to find out what had been happening in labor. I've talked to nuns and told them he was a baptized Catholic and urged them to pray for him. (Michael Quill and Joe Curran here in New York are baptized Catholics too.) God knows labor men need praying for in the hard work that they have to do, the work of reconstructing the social order. Those who believe that their work is based on an erroneous philosophy have all the more obligation to pray for them. The fact remains that "inasmuch as ye have done it for the least of these my brethren ye have done it for me." Those are Christ's words.

The workers have always been "the least" that Christ talked of. He chose to share their lot. He was a worker. And as for the rich, "Those who are in honor are without understanding," the psalmist says. Also, Christ said, "Judge not that ye be not judged." So let us love one another and help one another, for love is the measure by which we shall be judged.

It is contributions that will keep Bridges from being deported.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Published at 2 Stone Street, New York. Here you will get all the news of the C. O. camps in other parts of the country and discussion of non-violence and pacifism. It is published monthly and costs fifty cents a year. We urge our readers to subscribe.

* * *

NEW TESTAMENT. Just as we go to press three new books come off the press from Father Stedman, 5300 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn, New York. They are My Daily Reading from

the New Testament, price 35 cents. My daily reading from The Gospels. (A small type and a large type editions), 35 cents.

These are the same handy pocket sizes as Father Stedman's Sunday Missal, and the Lenten Missal which our art editor, Ade Bethune, illustrated.

Here you have the complete New Testament in an arrangement and division into daily readings. The books are beautifully printed and the type is clear. Here is the book which everyone in all our houses will want at once.

Two Way Passage

Two-Way Passage. Louis Adamic. Harpers \$2.50.

This is an unscheduled book, a book we feel that Adamic was forced to write because of his strong convictions as to the way that America should go and because of his worry and fear as to what will happen in America if we continue to follow the path we are taking.

It is a record of America of today as timely as your daily paper and the record is confused in parts, just as we Americans are confused. Adamic seeks to find out where we are going and why. What course will the government take in the present crisis, will we declare war or will we continue to be in this state of undeclared war? If we declare war what will happen to the German and Italian-Americans, or, for that matter, to all the peoples who have no love for England but who hate Nazism too? What will be the position of the Finns, for example, who were the best of buddies a year ago; what of the Ukrainians who are anti-Russian, and all our good Irish and German Catholics and the Poles and Lithuanians? And after the war is over what will we do to prevent another one? In fact, who will win the war? None of these questions can be answered and it only serves to get us all into a state of complete confusion.

Unity

Out of all this medley of a thoroughly confused America has come a cry which echoes and echoes continually throughout the land—the cry of unity, unity. Adamic has a plan of unity, a plan to bring America together, to weld all the peoples of this great country into one cohesive whole, whatever may be their racial, religious, or cultural backgrounds. Unity in diversity is his answer. His plan is idealistic but feasible. If it can be carried out at all it will be by Americans only. But first we must learn what unity is and Adamic and his followers are the ones to tell us. Unity, he makes pains to point out, is not uniformity which usually means "what is left of you after you have been under pressure to change and you have yielded."

From a Japanese paper published in Los Angeles comes this quotation, "We can successfully oppose Hitler's New Order in Europe only if we have an American New World to offer as an alternative to it."

If we can make the American dream a reality here then

we are doing more for defense and for the building of civilization than all the armaments, battleships and planes that we are capable of supplying. This American dream, the four freedoms, equal opportunity for all and the brotherhood of man was the impulse behind the emigration of millions of Europeans to these shores. Until we stop floundering around, until we get rid of all complexes, of anti-Semitism, of all our patronizing attitude towards Negroes and Mexicans, then we cannot win.

America's fight is on the battle front of ideas, not of force. The whole world is disorganized, unstable. Here in the United States we have the chance to prove to the world that people of sixty different races, of dozens of religions and hundreds of cultural backgrounds can live peacefully together, working out their destiny in common. Let's all really try to make it work.

Return Favor

After this ghastly mess is over Europe will have to be rebuilt, to feed, clothe and rehabilitate the distressed and disheartened of the 'Old Countries.' Europe gave us Lafayette, Kosciuszko, Mazzei, von Steuben, Pulaski. Let us return the favor and send them our best men, men of foreign birth and descent, to help them in the superhuman task of rehabilitation.

I have been thinking if we could only send Peter Maurin back to France and give him carte blanche to roam through the country, what an effect he would have. That is the idea. And the more I think about it the more exciting it becomes. I am enthusiastic about this idea of Adamic, but wonder if it will work.

We must at first start reforming ourselves if we wish to help the other fellow. Get rid of all our prejudices, remember that we are all Americans, whether we are white, black or yellow, whether we came over here three hundred years ago or just yesterday. Let's remember that the great majority of Italian and German-Americans are against the totalitarian governments of their homelands.

Leonard Austin.

Seattle Seminarian writes:

"Whether or not by our lives we have proved ourselves qualified to die rather than to kill is beside the point. It not infrequently happens in times of great stress that men who ordinarily are very weak are able to make a tremendous sacrifice. We depend on God's grace for that."

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)

- How to be successful is still taught in American schools.
- Thinking of time in terms of money is at the base of the thinking of our business men.
- We put in our coins "In God we trust" but persist in thinking that everybody else ought to pay cash.

IV. Cardinal Gasquet

- Cardinal Gasquet was an English benedictine.
- He was a student of that period of English history that preceded the Reformation.
- In a book entitled: "The Eve of the Reformation" he points out that externalism—another word for materialism—prevailed in that period of English history.
- The externalism of English bishops made them follow the King instead of the Pope when the King ceased to mind the Pope.

V. St. Augustine

- St. Augustine said "Love God and do what you please."
- We do what we please but we don't love God.
- We don't love God because we don't know God.
- We don't know God because we don't try to know God.
- And man was created in the image of God and every creature speaks to us about God and the Son of God came to earth to tell us about God.

"We Need—"

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE

- Men's clothes, all sizes from socks to hats, winter underwear and coats.
- Women's clothes, all sizes, in particular large sizes, from 40 to 60.
- Large sizes in shoes and with wide widths.
- Linens, dishtowels and face towels.
- Soup bowls, spoons.
- Large coffee cups.

Each day we give out men's and women's clothes to those who live on the Bowery, at the Salvation Army, on Relief or who work for starvation wages. Lately there have been no men's clothes to give out. But there are men in our house, on our farm and on our breadline who need clothes. Have you any to spare? Can you collect any from your fellow workers, your neighbors, relatives? We will gladly call for them, or better still, hope you will bring them down and visit us.

Day After Day

(Continued from page 4)

life, however, because they die of tuberculosis after a few years and their places are taken by others.

Remember to pray for these dead workers, Francis.

Moving and visitors, and then traveling too, made the month pass quickly. Father Joseph of Portsmouth Priory, who comes to us each summer at the farm at Easton, had a day of recollection for the New England Catholic Workers on September 26. Father Hugo had five conferences a day, one hour each, for six days, at our annual retreat. Father Joseph had one conference which lasted practically three hours! It is true that he returned to the sacristy a few times to give us a breathing space for prayer and meditation (five minutes) and it is also true that we didn't even notice the passage of time, Father Joseph was so interesting. He preached on St. Paul. Next time we have a day of recollection at the Priory you must certainly be there.

You say you are not much use as a Catholic Worker, lying there on your bed through the long years. But when it comes to work, physical work is hard, but mental work is harder, and spiritual work is hardest of all. You cannot use your hands to write, nor your eyes to read, but there are all the faculties of the soul you can be using, and as you lie there you can move mountains. You may not see them move—it may be a mountain on the other side of the world—or in Chile.

We need a lot of upholding down here on Mott street, too. We are like the general who said as he went into battle, "I'll be very busy today, O Lord, and I'm apt to forget You. But do not Thou forget me." So please pray for us and for all Catholic Workers, and for our breadlines and for our readers, and for all the struggling millions in the world today. And God bless you and give you peace in Christ.

D. D.

Pope Pius XII: "As long as the rumble of armaments continues in the stark reality of this war, it is scarcely possible to expect any definite acts in the direction of the restoration of morally, juridically unscriptible rights." (December 24, 1940).

CHRISTMAS CARDS

by Ade Bethune-Betsy Clendening-Mary K. Finegan-Mary Krenzer-Dorothy Schmitt

50 CARDS AND ENVELOPES—1.25

50 LARGE CARDS AND ENV.—2.00

Sample Set:

30 ASSORTED CARDS AND ENV. --- 1.00

29 THAME STREET NEWPORT, R.I.

THE LAND



FARMING COMMUNE

One thought prevents us from enjoying the peace of these sunny hills: it is the knowledge that the world does not know peace. And yet there is only one way to end these wars. Peace-bearing cells have to be started in all countries, communities in which the differences of characters and minds are bridged over by a neighborly love.

Jesus Himself only assembled a small circle around Him. He did not try to conquer the world. There were only 12 men that started to understand Him, one of them deceived Him, and all but one fled when He was taken prisoner. Out of this small circle of unreliable, sinful, and weak people grew the church that conquered the world.

And now that this Christianity is profaned, used as a cloak to hide greediness and sin, in every single country of the world, it will be from the peace of small groups of people that the word of Jesus will be revived.

Thus we pray for peace and persistence of our faith, while the sun brings forth more green, though it is late in the season. The ripening process seems to be repeated in our hearts. We had very little knowledge about farms and gardens when we started this spring, and yet we fed ourselves and many others this summer, and we can look without fear into the winter. That proves convincingly that the earth of the world can bear plenty of food for everybody, and for all our children.

And yet in Europe millions face starvation this Winter. Many of the little German children have never seen a plate-full of good healthful food in all their lives. Most of the well-fed Americans cannot imagine that. And they can think of bringing more death, more destruction, and longer famine to the poor people in Europe. But war will give birth to war, and this continent will be destroyed, too.

Yet peace will give birth to peace, too, and that is why we will live our peace, breathe it into our lungs and plant it into the souls of our children. You should see the five rosy babies, with their bright eyes. How can such purity be destroyed ruthlessly? War has to be placed into them in their homes, or they would not grow up to hate their neighbors.

Here on these hills, which are marked by the Stations of the Cross, they have the best chance to grow into disciples of our Lord.

I got a great satisfaction from the successful visit of my Mother. She has lived under the most varying circumstances, and has lost the belief that there is any security in saving money and securing wealth. And she can imagine

that there might be security in the land and in our solid faith.

Mother would sit in front of the house with her knitting, watching the children and the peculiar friends, Pete, the crow, and MacTavish the big dog, a brown and white collie, that will lie down peacefully, while the crow walks all over him, pecking stickers from his fur. Once Pete found a bone, held it up to the dog teasingly, and finally let him have it. But when Pete repeated that with an apple-core, the dog was not interested, and all the charm of the actor did not persuade him to eat the apple, and the crow finally ate it for spite. We could make a film of those two, and also of the little goat in the barn, who plays with the kit-

tens, butting them playfully and chasing them about while the horses watch them.

There is deep peace also in the animal world, broken once by a few fierce, wild-running dogs that killed our good goat Isabel in the pasture and tore her to pieces. It was early in the morning while a cloud of birds gathered to practice for the flight south. The weather remains so warm that the birds cannot make up their minds to leave. There is plenty of food around, yet they keep gathering every night on a big rock by the river-road, discussing noisily, when it would be time to leave. We never saw a larger congregation of birds. They must all live off our fields and grow in numbers, in spite of the cats, that sometimes clean a nest when the food gets scarce.

Our greatest delight are the chickens that roam the fields growing very close to maturity, and the rabbits that inhabit the barn. A whole room was converted for them and the Buley-children have their rabbit-family, too, and have to keep building hutches and hunting for feed. Thus we hope to add a little meat to our vegetarian diet when the winter will get long.

Our family got smaller already and we expect the winter to surprise us with some greetings soon. We hope that our good friend John will stay with us, to regain his health, that he could not find in years in hospitals. We would feel very poor if he could not find a home here. Winter means scouting for firewood. We

SELF DISCIPLINE

(Excerpt from a letter from a fellow worker in Christ's vineyard to an absent comrade.)

Self discipline is needful, but the chief thing is a deep-rooted, deep-seated resoluteness to do good—to go out to influence people. By temperament, education and Divine invitation, very likely you are an agitator in the raw. Climb out of the lethargy. Life is real. Too many people have a literary view of life and do not live intensely and relish things as they really are. Tasting poverty, trying to influence petty, mean men, fighting Satan almost consciously at all times in the perversity in yourself and those around you, constantly trying to purify your motives—to blot out selfishness in all your acts and thoughts, moving your will more vigorously to see, deeper union with Jesus Christ, gritting your teeth and carrying on, encouraging and advising, tossing off ideas that you are convinced of, arguing



patiently at great length with misunderstanding people, studying intensely and spending hours in thought of things social, of things personal, of your mission in life. Self discipline is needful, a dynamic kind, not the spiritual escapism of old maid school teachers, taking insults from men who see not and practicing patience and charity when you expect cooperation from your friends and are left holding the bag, this sort of thing is discipline. Your love for God as seen in your fellow men should shock you to your very roots. The zeal and enthusiasm that is worthwhile is persistent, intelligent and almost violent. Missionary zeal is rather scarce, too.

still hope that we may be able to clean the woods around ours from all the dead stuff. It would help the growing trees at the same time.

Our workshops will get busy again and there will be an endless need of warm knitted socks, sweaters, caps and mittens, and there are not many that can knit.

The Rochester Catholic Worker house sent us a blanket, quilted from left-over coat material, which they got from factories and stores. They urge other houses to try the same, as there are never enough blankets for all those that are cold.

I wish we could find a source like that for pieces of leather so that we could mend and make shoes now that we can no longer go barefoot.

Eva Smith.

Ryan Writes—To the Land

638 Willowbrook Rd.,
Port Richmond, S. I.

Dear Miss Day:

After working in the great city all day, picking up papers with a nail on the end of a stick, I came home to my little farm on Staten Island. After feeding my goats I went to bed. I had a strange dream.

I dreamt that I was in a great hall. I was about to address the graduates of a great Catholic university. I began to talk.

"Mr. Chairman, Honorable Guests, Graduates of this great seat of learning. I came here tonight to seek your assistance to bring into existence some form of organization the purpose of which would be to promote employment and the permanent settlement of Irish-Americans on the land. In the U. S. A. the Irish race is an urban race. And because it is an urban race it is biologically a dying race. A movement of

none. Their features had become cold and glassy.

"Good heavens," I cried, "I've got them electrified."

A vulgar, ill-clad, uneducated individual stood up. And said he, "You are mistaken, they are not electrified, they are petrified and are now purely ornamental."

An old man stood up. And said he, "I'm a great Catholic layman. My wisecracks are known from coast to coast. I hope I haven't been firing them in the wrong direction."

Then he sat down. I believe on his hat. The vulgar one got up, and said he, "Come on outside and join the mob. They are waiting for a man on horseback. When you have to look at ornaments too long a man is liable to get mad and bust them."

P. S.—I cannot explain to you or myself how the vulgar one got into that great hall. Of course I myself got in by the way of a dream.

John J. Ryan.

HUNGER

"What are the food conditions in France today; how great is the need?" is answered in detail by two members of the American Friends Service Committee who have been working for a year in the relief office of Marseilles. They say that a rough average of the nations allowed are: fats, one pound per month; meat, two pounds per month; sugar one pound per month; bread, one-half pound per day; cheese, one-half pound per month; rice, one-fifth pound per month; dried vegetables, one-half pound per month; coffee, one-fifth pound per month (only two-thirds real coffee); pastes, one-half pound per month; potatoes, one pound per month (during summer two pounds, during winter none).

They went on to say, however, that one could not always get the rations. From September to May they, themselves, had a half pound of butter. One half pound of meat per week was allowed, but actually during May and June they had only one small roast, mutton twice, chops once, and frankfurters once.

For the many who have no money for non-rationed food and who stand too late in the line to receive their rations, there are often periods when whole families have little or nothing to eat.

This starvation is in a great measure due to the participation of our nation which not only sends weapons to kill innocent non-combatants but kills them by refusing food and supporting a blockade. "Neither in war nor in peace may the innocent be killed or injured. Their accidental death may be permitted, provided it is not intended and every precaution has been taken to avoid it. But deliberately to compass the death of non-combatants is sheer and inexcusable murder."—Msgr. G. B. O'Toole. *War and Conscriptio* at the Bar of Christian Morals.

this nature must have the support of those who possess position, wealth and education. Those tools you possess.

"I do not ask you to surrender those tools, but to use them to good advantage while they are in your possession. I have with me tonight a plan of my own design. It is far from perfect. I ask you to give it your consideration and if you so desire, lend a hand to improve it.

"I will now read you the foreword:

"The Earth Belongs to Him Who Cultivates It."

"Knowing that large cities are the graveyards of peoples, who by choice or necessity are confined to their limits, and believing that there are greater chances for family life in the country, and a greater opportunity for development of personal freedom and intelligence, we Irish-Americans, who by the grace of God are enjoying material advantages over our less fortunate people. And knowing that those advantages of position, wealth and education carry with them the responsibility of preserving our race in an honorable way upon the face of the earth. We believe that by supporting the aims and objects of the Irish-American Land Settlement Association of New York, we shall render to our God a token of our responsibility, to the nation additional strength, and to our own race increased numbers of free and independent citizens."

I pause now and look for some response. There was